To Bask In MY Radiance

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To Bask In MY Radiance

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Doto learns that her trainer finds her own ways to let off some steam, involving a certain prideful overlord

Notes

IM SORRYYYYYYY DOTO FANS I LOVE HER I PROMISE BUT I WAS COMPELLED BY OTHERWORLDLY FORCES TO DO IT

I'm being held at gunpoint I'm so sorry I didn't mean for this to happen

Anyways yes Doto is in love with the trainer so sorry not sorry BLEHHHH

Anyways no one is safe meno is next on the angst menu too

Doto X chair is my favorite ship btw

See the end of the work for more notes

You really, REALLY shouldn't be here.

That single, pathetic little thought flickers and dies almost instantly, snuffed out by the firm, insistent lips on your skin.

You're nestled deep in the velvet of a couch that probably cost more than your monthly salary, utterly enveloped. You aren't just in Opera's lap; you're claimed by it, settled sideways against his towering, powerful frame like you were made to fit there like a puzzle piece.

One of his large hands is buried in your hair, fingers splayed wide, tilting your head at the perfect angle for his plunder. The other hand... God, that other hand is the real problem. It's roving, a slow, decadent exploration. His rings—so many gold rings, are cool against your skin as his hand slides up your ribs, tracing the curve of your side through the thin fabric of your shirt.

And oh, his skin.

His shirt is pooled somewhere on the rug nearby, leaving his torso bare, and you are taking full advantage. Your lips go back to pressing a trail of reverent, desperate kisses along the sharp line of his collarbone. He smells incredible, like expensive cologne and roses.

"Hah... Yes. Splendid," he murmurs, his voice a low, theatrical pitch that makes little stars populate your brain.

His form is magnificent, and she knows it. You're an athlete's trainer; you know physiology. But this is something else. This isn't just fit; it's perfected. Your fingers, trembling slightly, trace the sculpted ridges of her abdomen. Every muscle is defined, solid as marble yet vibrating with warmth and life. You glide your palm over the swell of his pectorals, feeling the dense, powerful muscle beneath. He is a monument to her own greatness, and right now, he's letting you worship at the altar.

A tiny, useless part of your brain whispers about the thing you really should be focusing on. Doto.

It whispers about drooping ears, about tear-filled purple eyes, about the stammered apologies.

The thought sends a spike of corrosive guilt through your gut. You're here, with Doto's greatest rival, her idol, the one she chases with all her clumsy, desperate heart. And you're...

Opera's hand, large enough to span your entire back, slides possessively up your side. His touch is impossibly gentle for someone so big.

"Your mind wanders, my dear," he whispers, his lips brushing the shell of your ear. "A performance requires one's full attention."

His fingers find the hem of your shirt and slide beneath it without an ounce of hesitation. The brush of his smooth fingertips against the bare, sensitive skin of your ribs makes you gasp, your mouth falling open against his shoulder.

"Opera... we shouldn't..." you breathe, the protest dying before it's even fully formed.

"Shh." He interrupts you not with harshness, but with the unshakeable confidence of a king. His hand continues its exploration, gliding up, his thumb brushing the lower curve of your breast. Your back arches instinctively, pressing you deeper into his touch, into him. "Should not? Hah! Look at you. Worn thin by... such weight."

He knows. Of course he knows. He sees how Doto leans on you, how the girl's endless ocean of self-hatred is slowly drowning you both. Opera doesn't pity Doto; he finds it baffling. But he sees you. He sees the exhaustion in your eyes, the tension in your shoulders.

And, being the magnanimous Overlord he is, he decided to fix it.

"I," he declares, her voice dropping to a seductive, intimate purr, "am simply offering you a taste of the victory you deserve. A moment to bask in true brilliance. Is it not what you crave?"

You were hesitant. Gods, you were. When he'd cornered you after Doto's fifth breakdown of the day, his purple eyes sparkling with something far too knowing, you'd tried to refuse. It was unethical. It was cruel to Doto, even if she never found out.

But Opera O was all charm, all dazzling charisma. "A king must care for all his subjects," he'd said, one hand tilting your chin up. "And you, my dear Trainer, look utterly bereft of joy. Allow me to provide."

He had been all too convincing. And you... you were just so tired.

"You are exhausted," she murmurs, her voice dropping from the stage to the boudoir. "Worn down by her constant drizzle. You came to me, did you not? You sought out my radiance. How," she asks, kissing the

sensitive spot just below your ear, "can you possibly direct her somber tune if your own soul has forgotten how to sing?"

Now, his other hand tangles in your hair again, tilting your head back. His face hovers over yours, a vision of perfect, royal beauty. Those ringed pupils are laser-focused on your mouth.

"You have given so much to one who has not learned how to appreciate it yet," he murmurs. "Now, it is my turn. Let the great T.M. Opera O restore you. Let me show you how it feels to be adored by the best."

You don't have time to answer. You don't want to.

His mouth crashes down on yours.

It's hardly gentle. It's a conquest. It’s deep and wet and overwhelming, his tongue sweeping past your lips with the same confident dominance he used to take the final straight from Doto earlier today. He tastes… good. You're completely enthralled, dwarfed by his sheer size and presence. His hand tightens in your hair, holding you in place, while the other slides fully around your front, his palm cupping your breast through the fabric of your bra.

You melt.

All the tension, all the thoughts about Doto just... evaporate. They're burned away by the blazing, radiant sun that is Opera. This is easy. This is good. This isn't a bottomless pit of need; it's an overflowing fountain of pleasure, and he's inviting you to drink your fill.

You kiss him back, your own hands sliding up from his stomach to grip his powerful shoulders. Your fingers dig into the muscle, holding on like him like he really is your king.

He groans, a low, satisfied sound, and his tail gives a hard, excited thump-thump-thump against the velvet cushions.

He breaks the kiss only to trail his mouth along your jaw, her voice a hot, smug whisper against your skin. "Haaaah, yes! That's it! You see? You feel it? This is the radiance of the Overlord! And tonight, my dear... it shines just for you."

That radiant, arrogant, perfect sun is shining just for you, and you are bathing in it. And you can’t help but try to shine back, to offer a fraction of what he is giving you.

"Mmph—! Hah, yes!" Opera's voice is muffled against your lips, a triumphant rumble. "Splendid! Brava!"

Your hands are no longer just worshipping; they're clutching. You grip the powerful muscles of his back, your nails scraping lightly, feeling him shiver. He is so solid, so warm. She feels like an anchor. It's intoxicating. Every second you spend pressed against this towering, self-obsessed monument is a second you aren't listening to a tearful apology for a spilled water bottle.

It's a terrible, wonderful, selfish relief.

Opera's large, skilled hands are at the buttons of your blouse. You don't stop him. You don't even hesitate. You lift your chin, giving him better access, and his fingers work with a speed and dexterity that seems almost unfair. The fabric parts, cool air hitting your chest before his warm palm immediately covers the lace of your bra, her thumb finding the swell of your breast and rubbing a slow, drawn out circle.

You moan, the sound stolen by his next kiss. He shifts, pulling you even more onto his lap, your legs tangled with his on the plush velvet. He is so much bigger than you, all that radiance making you feel exquisitely, wonderfully small.

"You see?" he purrs, his lips leaving your mouth to trace a hot path down your throat. "This is how the star of the show should be treated. Not with sniveling... but with adoration."

His words land with pinpoint accuracy, stoking the fire. You arch into his touch more, fumbling with the waistband of his track pants, needing to feel more of that flawless, warm skin.

It's the sound of a door handle turning that makes you flinch.

You don't register it at first, lost in the fog of his scent and the heat of his mouth on your collarbone. But Opera, whose mouth was just about to capture yours again, pauses. But he doesn't tense. He doesn't even look startled. He simply holds his pose, a king interrupted by a courtier.

Then, a clatter from the dorm's entryway. A very familiar, clumsy, heartbreaking clatter.

"Hyaah!? S-sorry, bag...!" A high, trembling voice calls out. "U-um... Opera O-san? A-Are you in here? You said to come by... I... I heard

something... a-are you okay...?"

Every drop of blood in your body turns to ice.

"Doto," you breathe, the name a strangled puff of air.

You're a whirlwind of panic, shoving yourself off Opera's lap, tumbling onto the velvet cushions. Your hands fly to your blouse, fingers shaking so violently you can't thread the buttons. You just clutch the fabric closed, your face burning with a shame so hot it's acidic.

"Get... get your shirt!" you hiss at Opera.

The Overlord, however, does not panic. He looks... annoyed. He merely sighs, leaning back against the arm of the couch, completely unbothered by his bare, gleaming torso.

And then, Doto rounds the corner from the small entryway.

She's holding her messenger bag, the keychain swinging. Her purple eyes, wide and nervous, sweep the room. "Opera O-san? I'm so sorry for just coming in, but the door was unlocked and I heard a—"

Her words die in her throat.

Her gaze lands on Opera O, lounging like a Roman god, bare-chested and magnificent. Doto's ears flatten.

Then, her eyes shift. They find you.

They see you, practically stumbling on the floor. They see your swollen, kiss-bitten lips. They see your hair, a tangled mess from Opera's hands. They see your blouse clutched desperately to your chest, the white lace of your bra peeking through the gap.

Time stops.

Doto's swirled pupils seem to spin, her entire body locking up. She doesn't scream. She doesn't cry. She just... looks.

"T-Trainer... san...?"

The name is a tiny, fragile thing, a piece of glass falling to the floor.

"DOTO!" You scramble to your feet, your voice coming out high and squeaky. "Doto, I- it's not—it's not what it looks like! I was just...

Opera... he... he hurt her shoulder! In practice! I was... I was just checking her muscles! For... for tension!"

It's the worst lie you've ever told. It's pathetic. It's insulting.

Doto just stares at you, her mouth slightly open, her head tilting as if she can't physically process the information. Her eyes are wide with a dawning, sickening horror. She looks at Opera's perfectly relaxed, uninjured shoulder, then back at your disheveled, guilty face.

"Hush, dear trainer," Opera suddenly speaks, cutting through your panicked rambling. You flinch, shutting your mouth instantly.

Opera's voice cuts through your panic like a spotlight. He hasn't moved. He sits there, bare-chested and resplendent, completely unbothered. He doesn't bother covering herself. If anything, he seems pleased to have a wider audience.

He stands tall and looks at Doto face to face. His tone isn't cruel, but it holds all the same gait as if the situation before her isn’t scandalous.

"Doto," she says, her voice smooth and theatrical. "You have arrived at an inopportune moment. A private performance, you see."

Doto's gaze snaps to her, trembling.

"Your Trainer," Opera continues, gesturing to you with a grand sweep of her hand, "was feeling utterly overwrought. The pressures of her position... the constant weight... it was dimming her brilliance."

You want to die. You want the floor to open up and swallow you whole.

"I-I'm sorry...?" Doto whispers, her eyes darting between the two of you, the terrible, impossible puzzle clicking into place.

"I simply could not allow such a tragedy. I was merely sharing my light. A transfusion of passion, if you will. I was comforting her, body and soul, so that she might have the strength to guide you to victory tomorrow!"

Doto’s gaze leaves Opera. It locks onto you. The confusion is fading, replaced by a cold, trembling, profound hurt. She's not looking at her idol anymore. She's looking at her trainer.

"...T-Trainer-san...?" she whispers again, and this time, her voice

cracks, the first sob building in her throat. "W-what... what does she... W-what were you... doing...?"

Her question is a razor blade, and it’s sliding right under your skin.

"Doto... honey, please," you stammer, your voice cracking. You're still clutching your blouse, a useless shield. Your face feels like it's on fire. "It's... this is... look. Me and Opera were just... talking, okay? I promise… it’s a misunderstanding.”

The lie is even worse than the first one. It's pathetic, and Doto knows it.

Doto's head gives a tiny little shake. Her pupils are wide, swimming in tears that finally, finally spill over and carve tracks down her pale cheeks. She's looking at Opera's bare chest, at your disheveled hair, at the crimson couch cushions that are still warm from your bodies.

"T-talking...?" she whispers. "B-but... his shirt is... and... and you..." She can't finish. She just stares at you, her heart visibly breaking in her eyes. And yet... she doesn't run. She doesn't scream and flee. She's rooted to the spot, her gaze fixed, flickering between your face and Opera's.

"Hah!" Opera’s laugh is a short, sharp bark, utterly devoid of guilt. He's completely unfazed, standing tall and magnificent, his nudity a suit of armor. "A 'misunderstanding'? My dear Trainer, you must not under-sell our performance! It was a masterpiece of consolation!"

He turns his brilliant, imperial gaze back to Doto. He doesn't see anything amiss; he sees an audience member who walked in late.

"Doto," Opera says, his voice grand and theatrical, "You have come seeking me, yes? And instead, yet I believe this can be a learning experience. How fortunate for you!"

"Opera, stop it!" you hiss, your voice trembling with a cocktail of rage and sheer, mortifying panic. "You're... Doto, just go! Please, go outside. I'll... I'll meet you in a bit."

"Go?" Opera raises an eyebrow. He gestures, not with malice, but with the air of a royal granting a boon, to a plush, high-backed armchair near the couch. "Nonsense. She is my rival. My friend. She, more than anyone, should bear witness to my brilliance! Come, Doto. Do not linger in the doorway. Sit. Observe."

This is a nightmare. This is the single worst moment of your life.

Doto is shaking from head to foot, her little blue ribbon on her ear quivering. "I... I... I'm s-so... I'm sorry... I..."

But her feet... her feet move.

Slowly, as if dragged by an invisible string, she shuffles into the room. She doesn't go outside. She doesn't run away. She walks slowly to the armchair. She sits in it, one hand desperately gripping the velvet armrest so hard her knuckles are white. Her bag slides off her shoulder, hitting the floor with a soft thud.

She's staying. She's watching.

"No..." you whisper, horrified. "Doto, what are you doing? Leave!"

"Hush," Opera murmurs, his attention snapping back to you. His eyes are gleaming. He’s not just unbothered; he’s aroused by this. The addition of a spectator has only heightened the drama. "The audience is rapt. We mustn't disappoint."

He reaches for you again.

"No!" You slap his hand away, finally managing to jam one button of your blouse into its hole. "Stop it, Opera! Not... not in front of her! That's... it's... it's terrible!"

"Terrible?" He catches your wrist, his grip effortless. He pulls your hand away from your blouse, leaving you exposed again. "Is it terrible to give solace? Is it terrible to enjoy oneself? Or is it terrible," he leans in, his voice dropping to a hot, conspiratorial whisper, "to deny your own desires?"

He yanks you, hard. You stumble, crying out, and fall right back against his solid, warm body. He doesn't let you go. His arms snake around your waist, caging you against him.

"Opera, please..." you beg, your voice a pathetic whimper. You twist your head, looking at Doto.

Doto has her free hand clamped over her mouth, but her eyes are wide, wet, and riveted. She’s watching Opera’s hands on your waist. She’s watching your tears of shame. She's watching, and she is not leaving.

That sight—Doto's silent, miserable, transfixed spectatorship—you can't look at her. Your struggles pick up as you turn back to Opera.

"Opera, let me go! You're... you're hurting her!" you say, trying to sound as offended and protective as you can.

Doto's eyes are wide, like a terrified animal. She's watching you struggle, watching Opera hold you.

"On the contrary, dear trainer," Opera proclaims, his voice booming so Doto can hear every word. He's not looking at you; he's looking right at Doto. "I am helping her. I am teaching her!"

"T-teaching...?" Doto whimpers, you don't even want to hear her voice.

"Indeed!" Opera's hand, the one not pinning you, comes up to tangle in your hair, his fingers massaging your scalp, forcing your head to tilt back. "You see, Doto? Your Trainer is so very, very tired. She carries your legacy with her! She bears the weight of such an exhausting role! One that you could perhaps one day help relieve her of, just like this."

"No... I..." you whimper, but his fingers in your hair... God, it feels good.

"B-but... I... I'm sorry..." Doto chokes out. "I-I'll... I'll try harder... I'll..."

"No, no, do not apologize!" Opera commands, his voice sharp. "Watch. Learn."

Her gaze drops from Doto to you. Her eyes are blazing.

"And you," he murmurs, his voice dropping to that intimate, seductive purr. "My brilliant co-star. Let us show her together."

"Don't..." you whisper, your eyes trying their best to look away. "Please... not in front of her..."

His mouth covers yours.

You barely resist. You pathetically jam your hands against his collarbone, your lips pressed tightly shut, your entire body rigid with shame. You can't. You won't. Not while Doto is watching. Over Opera's massive shoulder, you can see her. Doto's face is a mask of pure, silent agony. She looks like she's going to be sick.

But Opera is... Opera. He is patient. He is perfect. He doesn't force

you. He simply convinces you. His lips are firm, warm, and impossibly soft. He kisses the corner of your mouth. He nibbles, gently, on your lower lip. He hums a low, triumphant note against your skin.

His hand, the one in your hair, continues its intoxicating massage. The other hand, wrapped around your waist, begins to rub slow, warm circles on your back, right over your shirt.

It's the warmth. The confidence. It’s the intoxicating praise. It’s everything Doto isn't. And you are so, so very tired of apologizing. Of being apologized to.

You just... melt. You melt into him, your hands weakly finding his shoulders to keep your balance.

He pulls you with him, never breaking the kiss, and tumbles back onto the crimson couch. You land right in his lap, straddling his thighs, his bare skin scorching hot against you through your clothes.

He pulls his mouth from yours, but only by an inch. You're both panting. You hide your face in the curve of his neck, unable to bear Doto's gaze. You can just... feel her watching.

Opera, however, looks right at her. He holds you pinned, his hands sliding down your back to grip your ass, holding you firmly against him.

"Pay attention, Doto," Opera says, his voice smug and entitled. "This is how you take what you want. You do not ask. You do not apologize. You perform."

He punctuates the "lesson" by sliding one of his large, warm hands up, under the hem of your blouse, his fingers splaying directly onto the bare, quivering skin of your stomach.

You gasp, your back arching, and you can hear Doto's tiny, choked, whine from across the room.

"You see," Opera continues, his thumb rubbing slow, agonizing circles on your skin, "Your Trainer... she craves this. She craves the strength of passion, of confidence! She is tired of timidity."

You're trapped, burning with shame, yet pinned by a pleasure that is so potent, so overwhelming, that your body is betraying you. You're shivering, and you're not cold.

And Doto... poor Doto... just sits there in the chair, her hand over her mouth, her eyes wide, watching every single, devastating touch.

You're trembling, pinned by shame and a pleasure so bright and hot it's burning you from the inside out. You can hear Doto's tiny, hitched breaths from across the room. It's a sound of pure misery.

"Opera... please... she's... she's crying," you whisper, your face still buried in the hot skin of his neck.

"Hah! Tears of revelation!" Opera booms, his voice filled with a terrible, magnificent joy. He holds you tighter, one hand still feeling around under your barely buttoned shirt, the other firmly kneading your ass. "She is witnessing true, unbridled passion for the first time! It is overwhelming. Is it not, Doto?"

Doto makes a sound like a stepped-on kitten. "I... I... y-yes... Opera O-san..." she stammers, her voice choked with tears. Her eyes are glued to Opera's hand, to the way your stomach quivers under her touch.

"She needs a better example," Opera declares. His hand slides up, decisively, from your stomach. "These... restrictions." His fingers find the front clasp of your bra. "A true star must shine unencumbered!"

"No, wait—!"

It's too late. With a click, the clasp is undone. The lace parts, and your breasts spill free. You gasp, a sound of pure mortification, trying to cover yourself. But Opera catches your wrists, pulling your hands away. He holds you there, exposed in his lap, her prize.

"Look, Doto," Opera commands. "Look at her! Is she not splendid? Flushed with adoration. This beautiful, glorious body of your very own trainer?"

"You're... you're awful..." you breathe, but there's no heat in it. You're shivering, your nipples aching and hard in the air of the dorm room. You're completely bare from the waist up, and Opera is holding you like a trophy.

"And you," Opera murmurs, his voice dropping, his purple eyes boring into yours, "are a liar."

He leans in, and his mouth finds your breast.

A raw, high-pitched "Hyaaaaaah!?" shrieks from Doto.

Your back arches off his lap, a pitched moan emanating from your own throat. His mouth is hot, and wet, and unbelievably good. His tongue rasps against your nipple, and his lips pull, a strong, suckling draw that sends a bolt of lightning straight to your core.

"Ah! Ah, Opera...!"

You've forgotten Doto. You've forgotten your job. You've forgotten everything but the all-consuming, masterful mouth on your body.

"Hah..." Opera pulls back, your skin wet and red from his attention. He looks utterly, smugly satisfied. "But a performance is not a monologue! It is a duet. Your partner has given you a cue, my dear. It is poor form to ignore it."

"Wh-what...?" you pant, your head swimming.

"Kiss me," he commands. "Show your audience what it means to be enraptured. Show Doto how one worships brilliance."

You stare at her. This... this is a step too far. To do this... to him... while Doto...

You risk a glance at Doto. She's paler than a sheet, her body shaking so hard the chair she's clinging to is rattling. Her eyes are wide, wet, and horrified, but they are locked on you. On your bare chest, on your mouth.

And in that moment, something in you snaps. The shame, the guilt, the exhaustion... it all curdles into a hot, dark, desperate need. It's too late. You're already the monster. You might as well enjoy the sin.

You lean forward, your hands tangling in his short orange hair, and you press your mouth against his.

It's a kiss and nothing else. It's all your frustration, all your pent-up stress, all the pleasure he's been forcing on you, all directed back at him. You kiss him with a desperation that shocks even yourself.

For a split second, Opera O is stunned. Then, a low, triumphant groan rumbles in his chest, and he devours you back, his tongue meeting yours in a dominant, wet battle. Both hands leaving your upper half to slide down, gripping your hips, grinding you against the hard muscle of her thighs.

"HAAAAAH! BRAVA! YES!" she roars, breaking the kiss to laugh at the

ceiling. "SEE, DOTO? SEE THE FIRE? She was just waiting to be led! Waiting for a star worthy of her passion!"

While you're still gasping, lost in the kiss, her hands are at your waistband. Your jeans are unzipped, the button undone, and she's tugging them down your legs, pulling your panties with them.

"Opera! Wait! Not... not everything—!"

"Ah, but we approach the stretch of the finale!" he declares, yanking the denim clear. You kick your legs, helping him, your protests dying in your throat. And then you're there. Completely, utterly naked, straddling the lap of a half-dressed trainee, while your own trainee watches in silent, weeping horror.

"Now..." Opera purrs, his voice gone low and husky. He leans back, adjusting you on his lap, spreading your legs wider over her thighs. "The stage is set. The lead actor is in place. And now... for the Overlord's turn,"

His hands move from your body to his own. You feel him shift, unfastening her track pants.

"Opera... I…"

The pants are pushed down, shoved aside by the sheer, imposing presence of his cock. It springs free, thick, veined, and already hard, tipped with a faint prick of pre-ejaculate.

"Hyaaaah!?" Doto's voice is a strangled squeak. Her hand flies from her mouth to cover her eyes. But it's a useless gesture. Her fingers spread wide, her terrified, fascinated eyes peeking through the gaps. "O-Opera O-san... th-that's... th-that's...!"

"A masterpiece," Opera finishes for her, his voice just as prideful. "Like all of me, it is eager to perform."

Before you can protest, before you can even think, his long, strong fingers are between your legs. They slide into your folds, and you jolt, a sharp cry leaving your lips. You're so, so wet.

"Ah! O-Opera... Doto's...!"

"Shh!" Opera says, his fingers sliding deep, stretching you, prepping you. "Focus on me. Do not let the audience distract you from your part in this duet."

He takes your trembling, nerveless hand. He guides it, wraps it around the base of his hot, hard dick.

"Ah...!" you gasp. It's so hot. So solid.

"Hold it," he commands, her voice a low growl. "It is your trophy. Your prize for such a splendid performance."

You don't resist. You can't. You're too far gone. Your fingers instinctively curl, gripping him. He lets out a pleased little noise, his head leaning back, his fuzzy orange ears twitching.

"Yesss... Haaaah... like that. Splendid!" His own fingers are working inside you now, a slick, relentless rhythm. "Look, Doto! Look at your Trainer, so talented! So eager to please her star!"

Opera takes her own hand, slick with your fluids, and closes it over yours, guiding your grip on his shaft for a second before returning to their place inside you. "Haah…"

You pumps your hand on his cock while his fingers pistoning inside you in the exact same rhythm.

You're gone. Lost. You throw your head back, a long, keening moan tearing from your throat. "Oh, gods... ah... Opera...!"

It's too much. The shame, the pleasure, the sight of Doto watching... it all blends into one agonizing, ecstatic overload. You're jerking him off, and she's fingering you, and you can't... you can't even...

Across the room, a new sound joins the mix.

A low, pathetic whimper. "Nnngh... I-I'm... T-Trainer... s-so... ah... sorry..."

You crack your eyes open. Doto is still pressed against the chair, her tears flowing freely. But her body... her body is betraying her. She's clamped her thighs tight together, her whole body rigid, and she's rocking. A small, pathetic, desperate motion, her hand gripping the chair's arm as she rubs herself, pathetically, through her skirt.

"I'm... I'm s-so sorry... it's just... nnnh... T-Trainer..." she whimpers, her eyes screwed shut, aroused and ashamed and utterly, hopelessly captivated.

The sight of Doto, so broken and yet so... engaged, is the final push.

This is no longer a lesson; it's a spectacle. And you, God help you, are one of the lead stars.

Opera O's laugh is a low, throaty sound of pure, unadulterated triumph. He saw it too.

"Haaaah ha ha! Magnificent!" He roars, his chest swelling with pride. He looks at Doto, who flinches and tries to hide her eyes again. "Do not be ashamed, my rival! You cannot help it! The magnetism of our performance... it is an irresistible force! It compels all who witness it!"

He eases his slick, hot fingers from inside you, and pulls his cock from your hand. The loss is immediate, a cold shock. You whimper, your body unconsciously chasing the contact.

"Patience, my dear," he purrs, his voice a promise of untold pleasures. "A true masterpiece must be viewed from all angles. The finale requires a new stage direction."

In one, fluid motion, he lifts you. You are nothing in his arms. He stands, holding you against his bare chest for a moment, before turning and laying you down on the velvet couch.

Face down.

"Opera... w-what...?" you mumble, your face pressed into the cushion. It smells faintly of her rose cologne.

"Hush. Present yourself," he commands.

You're too far gone to protest. Too drunk on him, too saturated with pleasure and shame. You instinctively obey, pushing your knees up, your elbows digging into the cushions, lifting your hips high. Your entire body is a trembling, naked offering. You are completely exposed.

Behind you, you hear his shoes on the floor, the rustle of his pants as she kicks them further away. And you hear Doto's breath hitch, a tiny, terrified gasp.

"O-Opera O... y-your... ah...!" Doto's voice is a weeping, strangled moan.

You squeeze your eyes shut. You don't want to see her. You can't see her. You can only feel.

You feel the velvet of the couch against your breasts and stomach. You feel the cool air on your back, on your ass, between your legs.

Then, you feel him.

Opera O's massive, warm hands settle on your hips. His grip is like iron, possessive, holding you still. He's kneeling on the couch right behind you, his body heat a furnace at your back.

"Hah... perfection," he breathes. "A canvas worthy of my final stroke. Doto! You must watch this. This is the most crucial lesson!"

You feel something slide between your legs. It's his hand, still slicked with your fluids, parting your folds. "You must always prepare your partner," he lectures, his voice a deep rumble that you feel in your bones. "Generosity is the mark of a true lead. One must ensure they are ready to receive greatness."

His fingers, two of them, three of them, slide deep inside you from this new angle, stretching you, opening you, rotating with a practiced, agonizing skill.

You scream into the cushion, your fingers clawing at the armrest. "Ah! God, Opera... please...!"

"Please what?" He whispers, his lips brushing the shell of your ear. "Please stop? Or please don't?"

He doesn't wait for an answer. He pulls his fingers out, leaving you aching and empty, and you feel the blunt, thick head of his cock pressing against your entrance. It's so much bigger than his fingers.

"Doto," he says, his voice low as he looks her dead in the eyes, "This is the moment. The culmination. The point where the star becomes one with the opera. Observe and be amazed!"

As he says that he pushes into you.

"MMmgHNNGHNNN!"

It's a sound of pain, and pleasure, and overwhelming fullness. You're being split in two. He's huge, stretching you past any limit you thought you had. You grab the couch, your knuckles white, your whole body rigid.

"Breathe, my star," he commands, his hands tightening on your hips.

He pushes again, slowly, relentlessly, sinking herself deeper. "Take it. Take all of it. You have earned it."

You're sobbing, your face buried in the velvet. "Opera... Opera... O-Opera..."

He's inside. All the way inside. He fills you completely, a solid, hot, living rod of his own perfect ego. He stays still for a moment, letting you feel it, letting you acclimate to his sheer size.

Across the room, Doto is hyperventilating. "Nnngh... hhh... s-so big... s-she... T-Trainer-san... ahhh...!" Her frantic, pathetic grinding against her own thighs is the only other sound in the room.

"Yes..." Opera breathes deep, eyes closing for a moment as he revels in the feeling. "She takes me... Haaaah... she takes me completely. And now..."

He pulls back, slowly, an agonizing, wet drag. You whimper at the friction.

And then he thrusts again.

It's not fast. It's a slow, deep, punishing rhythm. Each thrust is a statement, a deliberate, powerful press of your body. His hips slam against your ass, the sound a wet, percussive slap that echoes in the quiet dorm room.

"Ooh... fuck... yes... God..." you moan, your brain short-circuiting. It's too much. It's too good. The shame is a fire, and the pleasure is the fuel, and you are burning alive.

"WATCH, DOTO!" Opera states, his voice triumphant. "Watch how she accepts the Overlord! This is not apology! This is not failure! This is devotion! This is worship! This is what you must learn to do, to express your passion in form for your trainer! "

He pulls back, all the way to the tip, making you cry out at the loss, and then he slams forward, driving his entire, massive length deep inside you..

You just can't help yourself. It's a high, animalistic sound, muffled by the cushions. He's pounding away at your deepest parts. He's bottomed out, a bolt of pure, white-hot lightning arcing from your core to your brain.

"NNNGHMM! OPERA… pleasee—! FUCK!"

"Haha! Yes!" He cries out, victorious, his hips still buried to the hilt inside you. "That! Did you see it, Doto?! Did you feel it?! I have touched her very soul!"

He starts to fuck you in earnest then, his slow, deep rhythm turning into a pounding, relentless assault, and all you can do is hold onto the couch and scream his name, as Doto's weeping, grinding whimpers provide the tragic chorus.

You're not in control. You're not even a person anymore. You are a vessel, an instrument, and Opera is playing you with a maestro's skill.

"Ah! Ah! OPERA!" Your voice is a ragged shriek, muffled by the velvet cushion. Your fingers are digging into the couch arm, your nails threatening to tear the fabric, your hips held high to make a perfect, trembling target.

The wet, percussive sound of his hips hitting your ass is the only rhythm in the world.

"Hah... Hah... Feel that, Doto!?" Opera grunts, his voice losing its theatrical polish, becoming thick with exertion. "Feel that power?! She's... hnngh... so tight! So... welcoming! She clutches me! She begs for more!"

"N-no... fuck... it's too much... ah, ah, OPERA!" you scream.

"She says 'no' but her body sings 'yes'!" Opera dotes, his hands gripping your hips so tightly they'll leave bruises. "This is worship, Doto! This is how one demonstrates their appreciation for another!"

From across the room, Doto's whimpers are a pathetic, desperate counter-melody. "T-Trainer-san... nngh... s-she's... ah... ah... p-please... I'm s-sorry... nnnngh..."

"Sorry for what!?" Opera pants, his thrusts piston-fast now. "Sorry for wanting!? Sorry for feeling!? Never apologize for the truth my dear Doto!"

He slams into you, burying his cock to the hilt again, hitting that same agonizing, perfect spot deep inside.

"Hahh—!"

Your whole world explodes. It's not a gentle crest; it's a detonation inside of you. Your back bows off the couch, your hips bucking wildly, uncontrollably, against his relentless assault. A high, wailing scream tears from your throat as your insides clench and wring his massive cock, pulsing in a desperate, violent spasm. You're cumming, cumming so hard your vision whites out.

"HAAAAAAAAH! YES!" Opera groans, a deep, guttural sound of pure triumph. He doesn't stop. He doesn't slow down. He accelerates, fucking you through your orgasm, his hips pounding as your inner muscles milk his shaft. "SING FOR ME! SING, MY STAR! SHOW HER! SHOW DOTO HOW YOU SHINE! HOW VERY RADIANT YOU ARE!”

"Ah... ah... ahhh-hh-h..."

You collapse, all strength gone. You're a trembling, boneless wreck, your face pressed into the cushion, a line of drool leaking from the corner of your mouth. You're still twitching, still pulsing with the aftershocks, but you are spent.

And he is still fucking you.

"Nnngh... O-Opera... p-please..." you sob, the word a pathetic puff of air. With your face pressed to the side you are left looking right at her, right at your trainee.

Doto is looking right at the both of you, your blissful, euphoric face. Opera’s pleasured, strained muscles. You can hardly even make out the clear arousal in her face over the despairing expression in her eyes.

"Shhh. Hush." His voice is strained, tight, his whole body rigid. He’s close. "The finale... Hah... is for the star. You've had your ovation... Hnngh... now... now it is my turn!"

His thrusts become frantic, deeper, impossibly deep, each one a pile-driver aimed at your very soul. He’s groaning, his head thrown back, his tail lashing.

"Doto... watch! Hah... Hah... This... this is the reward! The reward for those who prove themselves!"

You feel the change. You feel the base of his cock pulse, hard, against your ass.

"Watch me!" He roars.

His entire, massive body locks rigid. He buries her cock to the base, a final, conquering thrust, and he holds it there, his hips locked to yours.

Then you feel it.

A hot, thick, copious flood explodes deep inside you. He's not just cumming; he's emptying herself, pumping load after load of his hot, thick cum into your body, filling you to bursting.

"HAAAAAAAH...!"

He pants, his body trembling with the force of his release, his head leaning low on as he pants out loud. You're just... lying there, a ruined, twitching, filled mess, moaning quietly into the cushions.

For a long moment, the only sound is panting.

Then, with a long, wet sucking noise, he pulls out.

The feeling of emptiness is immediate, agonizing. A thick, pearlescent river of his hot, heavy cum immediately gushes from your thoroughly-fucked, gaping cunt, pouring down your inner thighs and onto the crimson couch.

You hear a sound from Doto. It's not a whimper. It's a high, strangled wail.

"A-ah... ah... T-Trainer... I... ah... I love… MMMMM!"

Her body, pressed against the chair, seizes in a final, pathetic spasm. Her thighs clamp together so hard she must be bruising herself, her head thrashes from side to side, and a low, miserable, keening sound escapes her as her own humiliating, friction-only orgasm finally, finally takes her. She slumps, boneless and sobbing, against the armchair, a dark, spreading stain on the front of her uniform.

Opera stands, his breathing heavy, his cock still glistening, slick with your fluids and his own cum. He looks at you, a ruined masterpiece on her couch. Then he looks at Doto, a broken, weeping, soaked mess by the chair.

"Hah... Hah..." he sighs, brushing his damp hair from her forehead. "And that, my dear Doto... that... is how you end an opera."

End Notes

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